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ADDRESS:

BY

THOMAS H. STOCKTON,

CHAPLAIN U. S. H. R.

DELIVERED

IN THE HALL OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

ON

THE DAY OF NATIONAL HUMILIATION, FASTING, AND PRAYER,

FRIDAY, JANUARY 4, 1861.



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## PREFATORY NOTE.

The Washington *Constitution* of January 4th represented the Chaplain of the House as performing his duties like a political partisan. On this account, the Chaplain made the following statement to his auditory, in commencement of the Fast-Day service :

"Before I begin my address I am induced, by an editorial in the *Constitution* of this morning, to say, once for all, THAT I AM NO PARTISAN, EITHER IN CHURCH OR STATE, BUT TRY TO IMPROVE THE LITTLE OF LIFE AND STRENGTH LEFT TO ME BY SPEAKING FOR GOD AND FOR HUMANITY. CONSCIENCE, WHEN ENLIGHTENED BY THE BIBLE AND SUBJECT TO ITS AUTHORITY, IS MORE THAN THE CHAPLAINCY, MORE THAN THE PRESIDENCY, OR ANY OTHER POSITION ON EARTH."

Two days after, (January 6th,) in its *Sunday* issue, the *Constitution* thus returned to its rebuking :

### "STUMP ORATORY FROM THE PULPIT.

"The Rev. Mr. Stockton, the Chaplain of the House of Representatives, availed himself of the Day of Humiliation, and the pretext of a sermon, to indulge in a display of stump oratory and rampant partisanship. *He exhausted his vocabulary of contemptuous expletives upon South Carolina, and fulminated more than mortal threats against the States that shall dare to imitate her example.* And he was rewarded for his pains by repeated rounds of applause from a crowded audience, a circumstance which will enable the distant reader to comprehend the sanctity of the reverend gentleman's performance. Next time we may expect to hear that bouquets are showered upon him by fair hands, and that stentorian lungs honor him with cries of *encore*. To that complexion is it coming fast."

As to the "repeated rounds of applause," there were only two occasions on which a restrained foot-roll was heard, and this instantly subsided ; as to the sentence put in *italics*, the reader of the Address will have the opportunity of judging of the veracity of the *Constitution* for himself. The truth is, as will be seen, that the chief object of the address was to show, on so favorable an occasion, that the necessity of securing personal salvation, through faith in Christ, is even more imperative than the present pressing demand for the restoration of national harmony and peace. On the latter subject, indeed, the address is fragmentary. Much more might have been said, and probably would have been, but for want of time and strength.

# ADDRESS.

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## I.—THE OCCASION.

On this day of national humiliation, fasting, and prayer, recommended by the President, and accepted by the people, I desire, from this official position, to address to my countrymen, with equal frankness and reverence, a few words, in the name and by the blessing of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, to whom be all glory, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, Amen.

Two months ago, the Governors of our States, with unexampled richness of occasion and unanimity of grateful joy, invited their fellow-citizens to unite in the celebration of a day of thanksgiving and praise. Then there was no section of the sky, suspended over any section of the globe, within whose cloudless horizon lay such a Domain of grandeur, beauty, plenty, and peace, or such a Society of personal, domestic, civil, and religious freedom, wisdom, purity, power, and glory, as glittered upon the vision of men, and saints, and angels, and Christ, and of God Himself, the Father of all, within the golden circle of the American Union. It might well have been anticipated that, on the opening of the appointed and hallowed festival, there would go up, through the serene and benignant brightness, to the very throne and heart of the Highest, such a concert of hallelujahs as no nation on earth ever offered before. But, was it so? Alas, though the day was so fair, and the feast so bountiful, and so many divided families re-collected in old homesteads, and the laugh of childhood was clear as the tinkling of a cymbal, and the songs of youths and maidens were merry as the chimes of a wedding, still, among all the mature and thoughtful, and over all the elders of the land, there was a chilling gloom of shame, sorrow, and fear, and, in all the temples of religion, the cheerful tributes for Divine mercy in the past were checked, if not subdued, by lamentations over present human folly, and deprecations of future wrath and woe.

And what now? Two weeks after Thanksgiving another proclamation was heard—not made by a Governor and limited

to a State, but proceeding from the President and extending "throughout the Union." "Numerous appeals" had been made to him, "by pious and patriotic associations and citizens, in view of the present distracted and dangerous condition of our country, to recommend that a day be set apart for Humiliation, Fasting, and Prayer," and, "in compliance with their request, and (his) own sense of duty," he designated this day, "Friday, the 4th day of January, 1861, for this purpose."

Marvelous revolution! Hark! "The Union of the States is at the present moment threatened with alarming and immediate danger!" Two months ago, how different! Again: "Panic and distress of a fearful character prevail throughout the land!" Two months ago, how different! Again: "Our laboring population are without employment, and consequently deprived of the means of earning their bread!" Two months ago, how different! Again: "Indeed, hope seems to have deserted the minds of men. All classes are in a state of confusion and dismay, and the wisest counsels of our best and purest men are wholly disregarded!" From all this, how different, only two months ago!

And so, in solemn haste, we are turned back to "the God of our fathers," as our only "resort for relief," "from the awful effects of our crimes and follies." Instead of coming for thanksgiving—though we have still infinitely more to be thankful for than we are worthy to enjoy—we come in self-abasement, with self-affliction, and to pour out our souls in most penitent and earnest supplication. Well may we thus come, for, this day, there is no section of the sky, suspended over any section of the globe, within whose clouded, flashing, and muttering horizon, such scenes are witnessed of ingratitude toward God, disparagement of blessings, dishonor of national and universal brotherhood, intent madness of fanaticism and pride, and terrific imminence of all possible, unspeakable, and perhaps endless evils, as those which disgrace and threaten to destroy, from centre to circumference, in sight of all mankind, this same American Union.

Let us humble ourselves, is the exhortation of our Chief Magistrate; let us confess our sins; let us implore the removal of false pride; let us beseech God to restore friendship and good will; to save us from the horrors of civil war, and not desert us, but "remember us as he did our fathers in the darkest days of the Revolution, and preserve our Constitution

and our Union, the works of their hands, for ages yet to come." Amen! and let all the people say, Amen!

## II.—THE ANTI-CHRISTS OF THE AGE.

But, just here, I come to a more timely, more important, and most imperative duty. Some may regard it as a divergence from the proprieties of the occasion. But, I know that it is not. I know that the day, the place, the interests of the auditory, and of the outer auditory, even though it be of the continent or the world, demand such an utterance. In making it, I only attempt, by gracious assistance,

"To reach the height of this great argument  
And vindicate the ways of God to men."

See! Now, as of old, "there are many Anti-Christis in the world: persons, parties, powers; infidels, artistic, scientific, philosophic, economic; from the merest sceptics to the sheerest deists, atheists, and anti-theists: these, with their inventions, theories, systems, and instruments of influence. Constitutionally, educationally, by proud and vain self-culture, and by the clique venom of mutual flattery and impious pretension, these enemies of God and man, taken just as they stand, in sum total of life, are haughty, contemptuous, narrow-minded, ignorant, shallow to simple shimmering, incapable of appreciating or even apprehending the highest truth; blind, deaf, dumb, thoughtless, and heartless to the whole spiritual universe, and yet, captivated by innumerable brilliant but deceptive idealities, hallucinations of super-loftiness, with all manner of unequalled sublimities and elegancies of intellectual and moral contemplation. These are the Anti-Christis. They do not know Christ. They despise Him. They hate Him. They oppose Him. They say—anything but Christ! I need not call them fools. But one who was inspired of God did style them fools, and, therefore, on Divine authority, which is decisive, they are fools.

These Anti-Christis, like their master, are imitators, meagre and miserable imitators. Rejecting Christ's redemption, they fashion a substitute. Redemption? Certainly. What! human perfectibility true? Unquestionably. And actual perfection in prospect? Most assuredly. In a word, say they, we, too, have an Evangel, a glorious Evangel, and our Evangel is, "There's a good time coming!" But, where is it coming? To all the world. And how will it be marked?

Well, the soil will be more fruitful, the air more healthful, social conditions more equal, and life, nearly or quite exempt from disease, will be greatly prolonged. And when shall this good time come? Within the lapse of the innumerable and immeasurable ages. And by whose miraculous advent will it be introduced? Oh! we have nothing to do with advents or miracles. We have long since discarded the fables of our childhood. It will happen so. It will be the natural result of the common and magnificent progress of our race. It will be the final triumph of the march of mind. And so, to the demoniac music of such a march as this, tramp, tramp; tramp, tramp; the hosts of Anti-Christ push through the darkness of time to the blackness of darkness in eternity. Sin in the past, sin in the present, and sin in the future; sorrow in the past, sorrow in the present, and sorrow in the future; death in the past, death in the present, and death in the future; sin, sorrow, and death, all, utterly, and forever unredeemed—this is “the good time coming,” the Evangel of Satan, the salvation of the world without a Saviour!

And so, at this stage of human progress, when it is inquired—what does the world need? these enthusiasts of superficial enchantments reply: Let Japan be thrown open to commerce; let China dust her buttons at the feet of the allied barbarians; let Russia annex Turkey; let France annex Spain; let England annex Egypt, let Hungary humble Austria, and let the unity of Italy be completed by the subjugation of Venetia and the submission of Rome. But is this what the world needs?

And just so at home! Here, therefore, under all this pressure of the burden of national humiliation, fasting, and prayer, in the very crisis of our civil destiny, I justify this pause, this broader view, this introduction and consideration of interests, still superior, and infinitely superior, to those which we deplore as so awfully imperilled. Hear me, therefore, this day; O my fellow-men, fellow-citizens, fellow-Christians! hear me this day, if ye never hear me again, and remember my teaching of this hour, if all my other teaching shall be forgotten forever. Especially, ye disciples of Anti-Christ, listen this once to one of Christ's disciples—a disciple not without hope, however unworthy; listen and think, if ye can think, and feel, if ye can feel, and pray, even though ye never prayed before, that ye may think wisely, feel truly, and after all be saved.

What, then, do we need? Does the Highest behold, from His throne in Heaven, that this day is observed with due sincerity and solemnity throughout all our land? Is our humiliation acceptable? our fasting acceptable? our prayer acceptable? Are all our exercises acceptable, through Jesus Christ, our Lord? And is the heart of our Father moved in our behalf, and does He incline to answer our petitions? Then lift up thy hoary hairs, thou aged and anxious President! Lift up your heads, ye Governors of all our States! And ye, O prostrate people! North, South, East, and West, arise, and stand in the presence of God, and receive His blessing.

Let the "distracted and dangerous condition of the country" be suddenly changed into its former estate of harmony and peace. Let the "Union of the States" be recovered and confirmed. Let the "panic and distress" subside. Let our "laboring population" abound in work and wages. Let the "false pride of opinion" be removed. Let "friendship and good will" be restored. Let the "horrors of civil war" be averted. Let God "remember us as he did our fathers in the darkest days of the Revolution, and preserve our Constitution and our Union, the works of their hands, for ages yet to come." Let all we are thus prompted to pray for be granted unto us. Nay, more; being thus reconciled to God and to each other, renewed in all our prosperities, and exalted among the nations to greater power and glory than ever, let the admiring and sympathetic authorities of Europe—Denmark, Sweden, and Russia; Portugal, Spain, and France; Holland, Great Britain, and all others concerned, commend to our protection and resign to our rule all their American possessions; and Mexico, Central America, and even Hayti, learn to confide in us, and claim our kindness and care, until, from the smallest mission in Greenland, to the rudest fort near Behring's Straits, and all around by the shining isles of the Gulf and the smoking mountains of the Isthmus, the whole northern continent, with all its appurtenances, from the Bermudas to the Sandwich Islands, shall have become ours—peacefully, honorably, happily ours, with no desire or dream of secession or disunion within all its bounds. What now? Is this what we need? Would this be enough for us? Could this satisfy us?

Ay, ay! shout the Anti-Christ. That is what we need! That would be enough for us! That well might satisfy us, whether God or man should work the change!

But, cease your shouting, ye witless Infidels! Be dumb as death, ye silly Anti-Christ! This is *not* what we need. This would *not* be enough for us. This could *never* satisfy us. All this, and infinitely more of the same sort, were “nothing, less than nothing, and vanity,” in compassion with our true want. “For what shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or, what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?” A man is more than South Carolina. A man is more than the United States. A man is more than the whole world. Since South Carolina determined to secede, how many hundreds of her citizens have died. Since the President issued his call for this day of National humiliation, fasting, and prayer, how many thousands of the citizens of the United States have died. Since the report of our dissensions went forth to other lands, how many myriads of mankind, in all the world, have died. And, before these dissensions shall be settled, how many millions more, some here, some there, some every where, will have died. What did they want? What do their survivors want? What, as one with them, do we want? A change in the civil government? Or, the perpetuation of the government as it is? Alas! for the Anti-Christ!

And so it has been for six thousand years! The earth, smitten, ravaged, broken, parcelled out among the nations: the nations, relatively, increasing and diminishing—empires, rising and falling—governments, forming, flourishing, failing; but, under all circumstances, at all times, and in all places, man—sinning, sorrowing, dying! Such a world, O ye Anti-Christ! if purposely made so, and hopelessly kept so, were a shame, a disgrace, a curse to its Maker. And do ye still bespeak for it the innumerable and immeasurable ages? Aha! God knows better and will do better!

There is a Being, hidden from us, though not we from Him, clothed in our own nature, perfected and glorified, sitting and reigning at the centre and zenith of this universal circle of light and life, of whom it is declared—“In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God;” and again—“In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth:” for “All things were made by Him; and without him was not any thing made that was made:” over whose creations, all perfect like Himself, “the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted



for joy." This is He "whose goings forth have been from of old, from the days of eternity;" even "Jesus, the Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever:" into whose hands the Father has committed "all power in heaven and in earth:" "in whom dwelleth all the fulness of the godhead, bodily:" "whom, having not seen, we love; in whom, though now we see him not, yet believing, we rejoice with joy that is unspeakable and full of glory, receiving the end of our faith, even the salvation of our souls;" and waiting for the end of our hope, also, even the salvation of our bodies, in the beauty and glory of the resurrection. From the fall of Adam until now, not a year, or day, or hour, or moment has passed, but His eye has watched our planet, and His heart been intent on the redemption of our race. By the sufferings of His first advent, He made an atonement for sin itself, and, by the miracles of the second, He will set us free from its consequences. At the close of his last prophetic interview, with His latest surviving apostle, He declared:—"Surely I come, quickly; Amen:" to which the apostle replied, in behalf of the church and the world—"Even so, come, Lord Jesus!"

I profess no skill, or assurance, in determination of prophetic times and seasons. I simply wait on the Lord. Nevertheless, I cannot but understand that we are now nearly eighteen centuries nearer the fulfillment of the promise than when it was given. Neither can I forget that many lines of prophecy, relating to the same great event, appear to converge about the present Era. And neither can I be unobservant of the facts—that the world is now open from pole to pole—that the Gospel has already performed its office, to a great extent, as a witness for Christ among all nations—and that the condition of nature and society, everywhere, seems to invite Divine intervention for the resurrection of the dead, the transformation of the living, the judgment of all, the renovation of heaven and earth, the establishment of everlasting righteousness, and the universal development and triumph of the kingdom of glory and of God.

All we can say, is—and this must be said with infinite reverence—"the sooner, the better:" the sooner Christ's time comes, the better for all who wait for His coming. If, amidst the conflict of empires, the revolution of kingdoms, the crumbling of republics, and the consequent amazement and alarm of all mankind, we seem to hear a repetition of the promise,

as just about to be realized—"Surely I come, quickly!"—let our hearts leap within us as we answer—"Even so, come, Lord Jesus!"

Here is our want—Christ! "Thou, O Christ! art *all* we want!" He, essentially and truly, whether known or unknown, is, "the desire of all nations." Let the Anti-Christians say what they will, the only hope of the world is in Jesus Christ. *I shall gain my chief object, if I can only persuade you duly to remember this.* Whatever personal dangers, or social dangers, may at any time press upon us; however we may humble ourselves before God, and fast, and pray for deliverance from them; and even though our prayers be heard and answered, and the dangers which threatened us be removed—still, in all conditions, and at all times, our own supreme and most urgent want, and that of the whole world quite as well, is—CHRIST—CHRIST'S PERSON, CHRIST'S SPIRIT, CHRIST'S ADVENT, CHRIST'S MIRACLES, CHRIST'S KINGDOM, CHRIST'S GOVERNMENT, CHRIST'S PEOPLE, AND CHRIST'S PERFECT AND EVERLASTING SALVATION!

### III.—THE NATIONAL CRISIS.

Now, therefore, having borne this humble testimony, in behalf of our highest interests, I return, for a brief interval, to this solemn crisis in our civil affairs.

If what I have hitherto said be true, the best condition in which any nation can be placed is that in which the people, personally and socially, have the best opportunity and facilities to understand, appreciate, obey, enjoy, and extend our Holy Religion.

Here, therefore, I affirm—that, since the hour in which the Lord Jesus declared—"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me"—His cross has never been planted in any land, or His redeeming attraction exerted upon any people, whose advantages, in these highest of all relations, bore any comparison with our own.

The only difficulty in demonstrating this, is the want of time. But you do not need the demonstration. While I speak, the globe revolves in the light of thought, and you see that there is no other land like ours—no land at once so ample, so varied, and yet so completely one—no land so interlocked, North and South, through the whole range of both coasts, by indestructible mountains—no land so interlaced, on both shores,

and all over the interior, by innumerable rivers, ever lengthening their matchless courses by endless curves, as though they would leave no ravine unclaimed and no hill unclasped, in all the common heritage—no land so washed all around by lakes, gulfs, and oceans, sharply defining its own bounds, but still holding it adjacent or opposite, open and accessible, to all the world besides—no land, in a word, where the lay of the soil is so like the lift of the sky, immense, unbroken, and inseparable forever. Inseparable forever! What! Would any divide it? Let them make the Mississippi a hundred miles wide and a thousand fathoms deep—an impassable line of perpetual storms. Would any divide it? Let them turn the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains East and West, and unite them in a Missouri compromise that cannot be abolished. “He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh, the Lord shall have them in derision.” As easily might they fracture the firmament, from sunrise to sunset, and from the North star to the Equator. And so with our people. They, too, while I speak, expand before you in the clear thought-light. The cross of Christ has drawn them together from all countries, and made them one. In the beginning, a few Italians, a few Spaniards, a few Englishmen, a few Frenchmen, a few Germans, a few Swedes; but, now, more than thirty millions, representing nearly every nation under heaven! In their little, isolated, native States and provinces, they lived side by side for centuries, estranged, embittered, hostile; diverse in language, government, religion; in arts, customs, and usages; shut up, apparently, to the bloody necessity of everlasting strife. But, here, on this vast, and equal, and happy area—free from local traditions of prejudice, hatred, and war—they have already mingled, and are still more perfectly mingling, in one homogeneous mass, incomparable in all the history of man. Remember, they have not been driven hither, but drawn. By the attractions of religious liberty, and of that true civil liberty which flows from it, and by the long reserved plenty and quiet of a natural heritage worthy of both, Christ has drawn them hither. They have come, not as exiles, but as immigrants. They have come of grateful choice. They have come with impulsive admiration. They have come with tender sympathies and glowing affections. They have come on purpose to love us, and to be one with us. And so, their native lands, and governments, and government reli-

gions, lose their interest; and, little by little, their languages decline, and their habits become assimilated to our own; and, presently, our homes are their homes, and our churches their churches, and our States their States; and we are all, and only, and all we desire to be, men, Americans, and Christians—the best situated of all the nations on earth for the performance of the highest duties and the attainment of the highest destiny of our race.

And here let me proclaim anew our one greatest glory. I remember, indeed, that we are fond of boasting—too fond of boasting. We have many apologies for it, but no sufficient apology. Perhaps this is one of the chief sins, in confession of which we should this day humble ourselves before God. And yet, the one great glory to which I refer can never be remembered, and ought never to be remembered, without the most earnest rejoicing. The materialist boasts of the mineral, vegetable, and animal opulence of the country. The intellectualist boasts of its arts and sciences, its literature and philosophy. The philanthropist boasts of its institutions of benevolence. The statesman boasts of its Constitution and laws, its freedom, equality, and power. And the religionist boasts of its churches and societies, and all its endowments of piety and zeal. But, it is not by any or all of these distinctions, that we are elevated to the best position on earth for the understanding, appreciation, and practice, the enjoyment and extension, of our Holy Religion. We owe this to one distinction alone. I mean, **THE BIBLE**—the free and open Bible—the universally circulated Bible—the commonly accepted, confessedly supreme, and Divinely authoritative Bible—the only light in the gloom which now environs us, the only hope in the despair which presses on us! When I speak thus of the Bible, I do not idolize a book—but allude, of course, to its living and active connections with the omnipotent agency of the Spirit of God, and the inspirations of that Spirit, as witnessed in the noblest motives, energies, and exertions of mankind. Let the materialist go South with all his natural treasures. Can he buy back affection, union, and peace? Alas, pride is too strong for him! Let the intellectualist try it, and they will burn his books and break his instruments. Let the philanthropist try it, and he will need a hundred philanthropists to return him safe home. Let the statesman try it, and they will scoff at the Declaration of Independence, and trample the Constitu-

tion of the Union under their feet. Let the religionist try it, and he will find the fragments of broken churches and societies in all his path, his influence forfeited forever, and his former brethren praying against him, that God may confound his counsels and prevent the success of his devices.

But, thank God! from the centre to the circumference of our confederacy, the Bible is still supreme. Its meaning may be disputed, but its Divine authority is admitted. It is absolutely and inviolably sacred. No man, or set of men, would dare to add one word to it, or take one word from it. Here it stands: the Book of Christ; the Brightness of His Glory; the Express Image of His Person; the Visible and Audible Angel of his Power; the Higher Law of the Nation and the Highest Law of the World!

The South reads it historically; and, as though there were no progress, sanctions the present by the past. The North reads it prophetically; and, as though all progress were consummated, demands of the present the improvements of the future. Both parties mistake its current applications. Oh, when I think of the inexhaustible and yet constantly accessible intelligence of this Book; its sublime and comprehensive philosophy of God and man; of Creation, Providence and Redemption; of Nature, Grace and Glory; of Earth and Heaven; of Time and Eternity; its innumerable adaptations to all classes and conditions of mankind; and its invariable tendency to enlighten, purify, elevate, and, in every way, save and bless persons and families, States and Nations; I am ready to exclaim: Withhold your reckless hands, and spare, O spare our Union, if only for this unequalled privilege, that all our millions, over all our continent, with none to hinder, but all to help, may study together, and yet understand alike, and then exemplify alike, the love and truth and purity of God, as revealed in the Holy Bible!

And can it be, that South Carolina is determined to destroy this Union? And can it be, that other States encourage her rebellion? And, can it be, that, suddenly as the evil has come upon us, it is already too late, by any means to arrest it?

And now shall our enemies rejoice over us? Our enemies! Who are they? Where are they? By the blessing of God, the world is full of our friends! By the greatness of our Union, we have become a chief power among the nations; and by the fairness of our conduct, we have won their respect

and affection. There was a time when Columbus vainly sought, along our southern borders, the golden roofs of Zipangu; but now, by a voyage three times as long, the Princes of Zipangu, excited by its fame and confiding in its honor, come to pay their respects to the richer world of Columbus. There was a time, and a second time, when Great Britain sent fleets and armies to subdue our Colonies and ravage our States; but, now she, too, sends her Prince and his train to mingle as equals with our people; and to stand with bare brows, and tearful eyes, and reverent hearts, at the hallowed tomb of Washington. No, no—even China and Japan will mourn for the rent in the flowery flag! Even Africa, far from indulging a feeling of revenge, will stretch forth her hands unto God, and pray for us! And as for the nations of Europe, gradually changed, even more than we hoped, by the grandeur of our progress and the value of our friendship, from revilers to admirers—identified with us by ceaseless immigration and interchange of travel and intelligence; inspired by our spirit, and inclined rather to imitate our example than desire our injury; England and France, Switzerland and Germany, Italy and Hungary, and many a generous and sympathetic power, will weep over us! But, here at home, how shall we restrain our own tears, or who shall bind up our broken hearts? Alas for us! “O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night over the slain of the daughter of my people!” Ah! prophets of Judah and Israel, little did ye dream of our greater grief! Ye only lamented the desolation of Zion, and of the hills and vales around it. But here is a vast and varied world, which Jehovah reserved through thousands of years, and has now disclosed, enriched and adorned, as the crowning beauty and glory and wonder of all time! And shall such a heritage as this be sundered and destroyed? Clasp thy broken staff with shame, O flag of stars! superseded and dishonored by the pitiful palmetto! Start from thine eyrie, thou eagle of the morning! shake from thy pinions the dews of the night, and relume thy vision in the splendor of the sunrise—lest the rattlesnake, crawling up the cliff, shall steal on thy slumber and strike thee unaware. God be merciful unto us!—and has it really come to this? Vacant seats in the Senate; vacant seats in the House; vacant seats in the Cabinet; resignations in the Army; resignations in the Navy; resignations in the Judiciary; a seces-

sion convention; a secession ordinance; a new oath of allegiance; sabbath sessions; secret sessions; commissioners from a foreign State; warlike preparations; seizure of forts and arsenals; seizure of betrayed ships; obstruction of the port channels; slaves throwing up earth-works along all the coasts; freemen leaving their homes, camping out on the wintry strand, marching and counter-marching, in instant readiness for bloodiest conflict! How shall we account for this universal enthusiasm of utter madness?

**SLAVERY!** The liberty of twenty-six millions imperilled by the servitude of four! It is said that the South loves slavery, and that the North abhors it. That the South is determined to maintain it forever, and that the North is resolved to abolish it, as soon as possible. It is an "irrepressible conflict!" The States must be all slave States, or all free States. Therefore, the North hates the South, and the South hates the North. We are mortal enemies!

It is false! all false! utterly false! In the name of God and man, I pronounce it essentially and eternally false. There is not now, there never was, in all the history of the world, an equal territory, with an equal population, so diverse in origin and in minor interests, where, because of the attraction of the supreme interests of religious and civil liberty, and of all forms of material prosperity, the people have so perfectly melted into one loving mass, as within the limits of this glorious and blessed Union. The country is too great for us. We do not comprehend it. We must rise higher and look wider. We have mistaken the noise of sectional fanaticism for the common feeling and judgment of the mighty but silent nation. This day the whole land is in surprise and astonishment. I do not mean among our sensation cities, always excited and multiplying excitements; but hundreds and thousands of miles away, among the honest and quiet millions of the interior.

Hark! Does this sound like hatred? "Our southern brethren are in arms! South Carolina has seceded. Other States are about to follow. They think we hate them, and are determined to oppress them. But it is not so. Are they not, equally with ourselves, men, Americans, and Christians? We love them—purely and fervently love them. What do they want? Slavery in the States? Let them have it: not because we approve it, but because it is their Providential allotment, for the time being, and they alone are responsible for it. What

do they want? Slavery in New Mexico? Let them try it. If they fail, the fault is their own, not ours. What do they want? The enforcement of the fugitive slave law? This is the duty of the General Government; let it be performed. What do they want? The repeal of the personal liberty bills? If the States were ill-advised in their passage, let them be repealed. What do they want? The privilege of slave service at the national capital, and in their current transits through the land? Let them have it, without molestation, at their own unavoidable risk. What do they want? Anything less than a sacrifice of principle, conscience, and honor; anything reasonable, proper, and expedient; anything that God may command and humanity yield? Let them have it, and our true love with it, and our prayers with our love, that the God of the Bible may overrule all events for His own glory, and the welfare of the nation and the world!" *Does all that sound like hate?*

Pause, then, ye States preparing for secession. Reconsider thy course thou lonely State, that hast seceded. Come back SOUTH CAROLINA; come back to the circle of honest and earnest affection; come back, with God's blessing; come back, with the nation's welcome; come back in peace; come back before a single drop of blood shall be shed! Blessed be JAMES BUCHANAN! if only for this one thing: that he will not, if he can help it, consent to the shedding of a single drop of blood. If he cannot help it, then be it remembered, that the Ruler "beareth not the sword in vain: for he is the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil." Let his skirts be clear. Let the skirts of the Army and Navy be clear. Let the skirts of the still United States be clear. But, O LORD JESUS, thou who hast promised to "come quickly," come now. At least, in all the healing love and pity of Thy Holy Spirit, come now. "Even so, come LORD JESUS!" So shall all nations praise Thee, and, looking from afar, exulting in our restored, confirmed, and perfected Union, "BEHOLD!" they will cry, as with one heart, and one voice, and one hope, "BEHOLD! *how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!*"

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen."